



## DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

“THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.”

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### Principles of Nature.

#### EXPERIMENTS AND EXPERIENCES.\*

BY D. J. MANDELL.

Epistle II.—Juvenile Reminiscences.

ESTEEMED FRIEND AND CORRESPONDENT:

It has been quite a common impression, of late, that spiritual manifestations, such as are now so prolific, are something altogether new; and this impression has gathered strength from the fact that, one of the celebrated Clairvoyant Seers of the day has affirmed that Dr. Franklin was the inventor of the prevailing mode of spiritual communication. Dr. F. may have had some agency in promoting and perfecting some of the particular forms of manifestation, which characterize the phenomena at present witnessed. I think the manner of writing, as adopted by spirits, in the presence of Mr. E. P. Fowler, of your City, is decidedly an instance in which the resurrected Franklin may have exerted his developed wisdom and skill. But as to the ‘sounds,’ movements, &c., in general, time never was, perhaps, when they did not characterize spiritual manifestations. Voices of angels have been heard, and visions seen, from the earliest ages. Writings, of unquestionable spiritual origin, were also produced in the ancient days, and the “music of the spheres” accompanied the advent of the Savior, and the spiritual “force” rolled away the rock from his sepulcher, and opened the prison-doors of his apostles. Perhaps the most distinguished period of spiritual manifestation which the world has ever seen, was that of the destruction of Jerusalem, when there were appalling sights and sounds “in the heavens above and in the earth beneath”—when the fiery sword hung over the devoted city—when hosts of shadowy combatants filled the air, just at sunset, and the tramp of armies and the clang of weapons were heard, and the rush of conflicting hosts was distinctly seen, as though the very heavens were set on fire of war. And when, too, the prophet, seized with the impulse of a divine phrenzy, cried, day and night, for years, throughout the city, “Wo! wo to Jerusalem!” till, rushing to the walls to await the onset of the Romans, he exclaimed, “Wo! wo to myself!” and fell, struck dead by a stone thrown from one of the immense engines of assault which were employed in the siege. Also, when the walls were almost demolished, the night was, on one occasion, rendered bright, like day, by a great light which shone around the Temple and altar of Jerusalem. Subsequently to this, the heavy brazen gate of the ‘Holy of Holies,’ which twenty men could with difficulty move, was swayed to and fro, by some invisible power; while, still nearer the end of the sad drama of destruction, and while the priests were performing their last Pentecostal rites in the sacred city, the voice of, apparently, a great multitude was heard within the hallowed inclosure, exclaiming, “Let us go hence,” while a terrible quaking, accompanying the fearful cry, seemed to indicate that the departure of the Divine Presence, from the city of His ancient adoption, was, even then, shaking it to its foundation. These facts are recorded in Josephus’ Wars of the Jews, chap. v.—which would richly repay your perusal, if you have not yet read it.

The sights and sounds of warfare—or rather the spiritual representation of warfare—naval as well as military, have been witnessed repeatedly, in the heavens, in later times. Accounts are chronicled of such manifestations, in Eng-

land, during the trouble which preceded the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. Something of the kind was witnessed in this country about the time of the Salem Witchcraft, and, is attested, I think, by Cotton Mather; and I am acquainted with two persons who, not far from the period of the late Mexican War, had their attention drawn by sounds like those of firearms. The explosion seemed to be above them, and on casting their eyes upward, a scene, very much like that of two armies rushing at each other, firing and then retreating, was distinctly visible. Neither of these persons knew that the other had witnessed any such sight, and both are persons worthy of the highest confidence.

As to the ‘rappings,’ every one who has ever heard that Luther was so disturbed by unaccountable noises, as ‘to throw his inkstand’ at what he denominated the ‘devil’—any who have read the experience of Wesley, published during his life-time—and all who have heard the stories of omens, warnings, and corpse-lights, told by their grandmothers, and handed down to them perhaps by their ancestors before them—must needs believe that ‘raps,’ and other phenomena attending the manifestations of this day, are ‘nothing new, under the sun.’

I have written thus far relative to manifestations in former times, by way of preliminary to some incidents in spiritual manifestation, of which I have been cognizant from my boyhood, upward, wishing first to bring up clearly the fact of manifestations previously to the present, in order to give probability to my own statements relative to occurrences of a spiritual nature, antecedently to those which are now so widely commanding public attention. My preface has been long, and I must necessarily be brief in my subsequent narration.

I remember, from my earliest childhood, the history of what was then considered a marvelous occurrence, by my parents. They were sitting one evening, cozily conversing, in their home, in Boston, their fire-side talk being here and there interrupted by an occasional reverie in reference to the days long gone, and the loved ones that were distant or dead, when, of a sudden, they were startled by a groan, apparently near them. My father instantly started, and exclaimed: “That is my brother Daniel’s voice!” The groan was repeated; but giving up all idea, save that some one was in distress, and perhaps dying near them, they searched all over the house and adjoining premises, the sound sometimes proceeding from one direction and sometimes from another, till at last, they gave it over in despair, as an unaccountable circumstance, and retired for the night. In about two days, as soon as the mail could reach Boston from Hardwick, where he resided, my parents received notice of their brother Daniel’s death. He died at almost precisely the same day and hour when they heard the noise which seemed to them to resemble his voice!

Subsequently to the above mentioned incident my parents occupied a house in another part of the city. It was an old house, and had the reputation, in the neighborhood, of being haunted. This, however, never troubled us, though I must say, that the old house kept up its ghostly reputation very well. A sound like that of an underground trip-hammer, striking in steady and incessant, yet not frequent strokes, and shaking the whole neighborhood, was frequently heard at dead of night. I remember one night, during my father’s sickness, of hearing a loud noise, precisely like that of a dead and helpless human body falling suddenly on the roof, and fairly making the house jar. I was alone in my room, just retiring for the night, and the rest of the family were in bed, with the exception of my mother. She thought

I had been prostrated by some sudden shock; I thought the same of her; but when we found it was neither, the conclusion was, that some dead creature was somehow thrown upon the roof; but a strict search elicited nothing. The raps were heard distinctly and repeatedly on the head-board of the bed on which my father died; and just before his death a sound, like the crack of a whip, resounded through the sitting-room where the family were, followed by groans, apparently in my father’s voice. There was a peculiarity in them. My mother instantly ran into the room adjoining, thinking that my father was suffering some new anguish; but when she entered, he was up, on his elbow, listening; he had heard the groans, and when he died, the groans he uttered were precisely similar to the mysterious sounds which had thus preceded his decease.

They say “a man and his wife are one;” if so, an incident almost exactly similar to the above, and which occurred in my wife’s youthful experience, will do to add to my narrative of juvenile reminiscences. Years ago, she who is now a part and parcel of myself, was aroused at the noon of night from a deep slumber, by no particular cause, unless it was a sensation of stillness most profound and striking. So impressive was the sensation of stillness, that almost instantly on awaking, she exclaimed, mentally, “If I should now hear any noise, it would sound as if from the grave.” Instantly the hush of deep silence was broken by a peculiar sound, like that of a person sinking and gasping in deep distress, the sound proceeding from a certain corner of the room. Singular as it may seem, the sound did not disturb the auditor. She, at first, thought it might be her father struggling under an attack of the nightmare; but hearing him move, she gave up that idea, and composed herself to sleep, with the impression that some one must be sick in the other part of the house. In the morning she ascertained that her mother had heard the noise; the family in the other part had also heard it, and had sought all about to trace it to its source, but finally gave it up, reciprocating the impression that the neighbors were sick. Sometime after, my wife’s only remaining sister was confined to her bed with consumption. Her bed was placed in the corner of the room from whence the groans were first heard to proceed; and when she died, the very same sounds, as of sinking, deathly faintness, again proceeded from that corner of the room; but this time, from the lips of the departing one. So precisely similar were the sounds, that the mother, the moment she heard the first groan, exclaimed: “There is that noise again!” and left the room. But want of space admonishes me to close. Till my next, I remain,

Yours cordially,  
Athol, Mass. D. J. MANDELL.

VICTOR, July 11, 1852.

MR. CHARLES PARTRIDGE:

Dear Sir: I notice that the last number of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH presents “Questions for Mediums” regarding “the Spheres.” Being in the enjoyment of the prevision, or foresight, generally termed Clairvoyance, I—however disdaining to claim the least merit for the possession—gladly offer my services in assisting to elucidate the subject of the interrogatories which your correspondent has presented. He says: “Many teachers affirm distinctly that the seven Spiritual Spheres are connected with our Earth.” Now, in order to gain a correct understanding of this seemingly difficult question, it appears to me to be indispensably necessary that our minds should be unfolded to the reception of a more expanded view of the

vast Univerceum, wherein every thing has its position or locality assigned to it, in accordance with its relationship to all other things. But it can not be expected that I should attempt an explanation or description of the boundless, undefinable works of the Omnipotent Father. Nay, it would be improper. Yet I perceive that this subject is truthfully and nobly dealt with, as well as manfully and correctly disposed of, by Andrew Jackson Davis, in “Nature’s Divine Revelations,” page 673. He says: “And the second or Spiritual sphere sustains a relation to the Fifth Circle of Suns, and their innumerable planets, and is as a soul to it. So the third sphere is allied to the fourth circle, and the fourth sphere to the third circle; and the fifth sphere to the second circle; and the sixth sphere to the first circle: and seventh sphere is the great Sun and center of all power, and the vortex of all creations.”

According to Mr. Davis, Swedenborg and others (my own impression upon the subject accord with this view,) there are but six spheres of human-spiritual life—the seventh being the exclusive sphere of the Father. This is what caused Mr. Davis to say; “But the inhabitants of the second sphere will ultimately advance to the third, then to the fourth, then to the fifth, and lastly, into the sixth. This sixth sphere is as near the Great Positive Mind as spirits can ever locally or physically approach;” then, again—“and I suppose it is scarcely necessary to state that the human mind is incapable of computing the millions of centuries which are required for even those souls that now inhabit the second sphere to progress into the one above it—into the third sphere.” I perceive that at present there is a vast amount of misconception concerning the spiritual-world, the spheres, the circles, &c., which will soon be righted, as I am made aware that one, whose mind enables him to reveal truth, is engaged in searching out the mysteries pertaining to the future life, and its localities, properties, qualities, essences, boundaries, &c.; this will all be known at the proper time. I shall therefore forego all further remark upon this subject, until the whole is disclosed, which it would be impossible for any person to do in a brief article; however, I would add one impression in which it is said that, the commencement of the spirit-home, or second sphere, is not far from one hundred miles from the surface of our earth.

We now proceed to the next query, concerning “a preëxistence, or a life anterior to that in the material body.” The writer in the TELEGRAPH says, this “seems to be a mooted question. In Davis’ and Amblers’ disclosures nothing is said on the subject.” It can not be possible that any person reading the works of A. J. Davis, consecutively, has failed to notice the thoroughness and clearness with which he has set forth this subject. I shall therefore only recommend a strict perusal of the writings of Mr. Davis, which will answer this question to the entire satisfaction of him who reads understandingly and without bias.

Yours, with the highest regard,  
MARCUS WRIGHT.

RANDOLPH, N. Y., July 20, 1852.

MR. C. PARTRIDGE:

Dear Sir: I have ever been anxious to find an indubitable evidence of what is to be the final destiny of man. Unwilling to receive heresay-evidence, contradicting my senses, the plainest dictates of reason, and repugnant to the attributes universally attributed to the great Author of the Universe. I have not been identified with any one of the popular classes of religionists. But I firmly believe the Light of Inspiration has never been extinguished, and

that it will not cease to operate on the hearts or consciences of men. Many, however, are so darkened that they comprehend it not. In proportion as men give heed to this principle, they become prepared for happiness here, and hereafter. Notwithstanding the darkness of prejudice, bigotry and superstition, this light is discoverable in all ages and among all people.

In view of the impositions practised by professed spiritual teachers, I was slow to give credit to the spirit-rappings or other modern spiritual communications. But when the number and respectability of the witnesses to the reality of these phenomena, added to the conviction of my own senses, were considered, my judgment was convinced beyond all doubt, and I hailed the truth as the harbinger of good. I trusted that the new developments might put at rest forever the vain speculations on theology, and that God was about to send his heavenly messengers to defeat the devices of priest-craft. But I begin to fear this desirable end may not be accomplished.

Immediately on becoming convinced of the reality of the spiritual communications, I attended to what has been published on the subject by its advocates; and I am sorry to say, that I do not now recollect of a single important principle, having been promulgated by any of the mediums, that has not been controverted by one, or more of them, with this important exception, “That man is immortal, and a progressive being.”

Mr. A. J. Davis professes to write by inspiration, and possibly his revelations may, hereafter, employ an additional number of priests. He is very profound, perhaps so much so that I have not fully comprehended him. Sometimes he appears to acknowledge Deity as the author of Nature and the governor of the Universe; at other times, as Nature itself, incapable of willing or performing a single act contrary to, or independent of Nature; that He is less capable of punishing injustice or iniquity than His creatures of yesterday! He also contends that man has no will other than the inevitable production of circumstances which surround him, and irresistibly impel him to act as he does. Thus the providence of God, and the freedom of the human will, and consequently man’s accountability, are all swept by the board!

I am no theologian, but do my own thinking. I have long cherished the idea that man has a moral control of his will, by which alone he is rendered responsible for his conduct, both to God and man. On that, and the grace and providence of God, I depend for present and eternal peace.

Yours for the truth,  
WM. SHATTUCK.

#### Vulgarity of Life.

Man is self-inclined to give himself up to common pursuits. The mind becomes so easily dulled to impressions of the beautiful and perfect, that one should take all possible means to awaken one’s perceptive faculty to such objects; for no one can entirely dispense with these pleasures; and it is only the being unaccustomed to the enjoyment of any thing good that causes many men to find pleasures in tasteless and trivial objects, which have no recommendation but that of novelty. One ought, every day, to hear a little song, to read a little poetry, to see a good picture, and, if possible, to say a few reasonable words.—GOETHE.

In reading history we are apt to inhale the dust of past ages which have settled upon it. How useful would be the historian who should cleanse the book of dust and cobwebs, and hand it to us fresh and whole. c. w.

\* Embraced in a Series of Letters on Spiritual Intercourse and Manifestations, addressed to HENRY H. HALL, Esq., of New-York.



# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7.

ALL BEING FREE, EACH MUST ANSWER FOR HIMSELF; AND WHERE NO RESTRICTIONS ARE IMPOSED, NO ACCOUNTABILITY WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED.

## THE LATE DISASTER.

To the mind of the Christian philosopher DEATH is terrible only as mournful and harrowing circumstances signalize his approach. When the order of Nature governs the dissolution of the body, the soul is calm and peaceful. A gentle magnetism steals over the form and, with a mysterious power, soft as the breath of slumber, quiets every pain, and the transition is so gradual that the creature is scarcely conscious until the change is accomplished. When death occurs thus naturally, the last moments of the earth-life are serene as the evening twilight, and we go, cheerfully,

"Like one who draws the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Or, it may be that, as the physical senses lose their susceptibility, the soul is otherwise and divinely informed—is charmed with glimpses of the opening life beyond, and filled with unspeakable joy at the prospect of its immortal enfranchisement. Viewed in this light, Death can only be symbolized by the most tranquil scenes and beautiful objects in Nature; and the pilgrim, worn and weary with his travels, is glad at his approach, and leaps to embrace that more peaceful and enlarged life into which Death, sooner or later, comes to usher all the living.

But when mortals are occupied with their temporal interests; when earthly relations and responsibilities engross the mind, and

"the heart beats high and warm"

when Death comes to the youth, whose brilliant hopes are just kindling along the horizon of being, and, with no warning, suddenly darkens the heavens with fearful clouds, and life's frail barque is wrecked hard by the shore! then do the living tremble and turn pale, and many say that the visitation is sad and mournful. And when the messenger comes, veiled in the flame or riding on the flood, and utters his solemn behest while yet our noblest resolves are all unaccomplished, Oh, then, indeed, does every pulse throb with a strange excitement, and every nerve vibrate with a wild and fearful anguish, and we feel—can mortals feel otherwise?—that Death is terrible! And when we consider how frequently he comes thus—like an untimely and unwelcome guest—comes, too, because men rashly solicit his presence before the hour, how forcibly are we reminded that all times and occasions are his!

"Leaves have their times to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

When the summons comes, as it came to those who perished in the recent disaster on the Hudson, Death appears with frightful mien, and to the outward sense his presence is revolting. But from this melancholy scene where earthly hopes were wrecked, and physical life has left its splendid ruins; from the remains of innocence and beauty—wildly scattered along the shore; from all those gentle bosoms—now silent, pulseless and cold—where the deepest human sympathies and affections were but lately enshrined; from all the exciting details of this sad, sad spectacle, it is our privilege to turn to the divinest contemplations. Images of celestial beauty smile on us in the midst of our deepest wo. We feel assured that, of all that number, not one has died—in any sense that will accord with the popular thought. In the light of the Spiritual Philosophy, there is no destruction of any of the elements or powers of life. Following the sudden agony of fear, and the momentary pangs of dissolution, there is no protracted state of unconsciousness; but when the last heart ceased to pulsate beneath the smooth waters, a great company assembled in the ethereal halls of the upper air. For every human form that slept below, there arose an angel-spirit. Before the eye of the soul they ascended, like luminous exhalations, and were arrayed in the robes of the Resurrection-life!

We should stop short of what the occasion demands were we to pause here, since we can not resist the conviction that a great wrong has been done to the community, and that a fearful responsibility attaches to some one. But with the uncertain information, derived from the contradictory statements already published—some of which may have been aggravated by unfounded suspicions, while others have probably been mitigated by the fear of condign punishment—it is difficult to form a judgment that may not require to be greatly modified hereafter. Without fear of doing injustice to any one, we may, however, insist on a close investigation of all the facts and circumstances of this most distressing calamity; and if this is neg-

lected, the public authorities should be held responsible for the mischief. If it shall appear, after a careful inquiry into the causes of this frightful casualty, that it occurred on account of any known or perceptible defect in the construction of the boat, then the builders, owners and inspectors, of the Henry Clay should be summoned to a rigid reckoning. If, moreover, as is alleged by many of the passengers, the accident occurred through the recklessness of those having command of her at the time, the offense certainly exhibits not merely the most culpable rashness and folly, but its barbarity is manifest and admits of no extenuation.

## APOCRYPHAL SPIRITS.

We once met with the lady who writes the subjoined communication, and though we have no knowledge of the alleged facts, through any other channel, we conclude that her statement is entitled to the fullest confidence; and we, therefore, comply with the request to publish the letter, trusting that it may operate as a salutary caution to many. It should be observed, however, that it is our object to exhibit the Truth rather than to expose Error, at least by any process which requires us to seek after what is so confessedly worthless. We may excuse ourselves from the labor of proving that error, deception, and imposture exist among men, inasmuch as this is not a disputed point, especially just now. It is rather a query, with this skeptical world, whether there is any truth in the spiritual phenomena, and to the elucidation of this question, chiefly, we propose to direct our attention.

A rational skepticism may serve as an incentive to profound thought and deliberate action, while an unquestioning credulity is alike fatal to both. Many believers in the manifestations have need to adopt a more scientific mode of investigation. At present, they yield a childish assent to the superficial claims of things, and are strangely unmindful of their intrinsic qualities. We are by no means to presume that every efflux of pot-hooks is the work of spirits, since mortals can make crooked lines. If the statement of our correspondent is correct, even in its essential features, the "Pleasure Boat" must have one Jonah on board whose presence may disturb the surrounding elements.

We will not disguise the fact that there are many spurious exhibitions, and these false media make the most arrogant pretensions to intercourse with the most exalted spirits. So far as we have any thing to do with this class, we shall be likely to unmask rather than to screen them. Spiritualism, however, is in no way accountable for the frauds and follies of such persons, any more than Christianity is responsible for the existence, and answerable for the conduct, of the "false Christs and false prophets" who deceived so many in the ancient church. The fact that Judas betrayed his master did not affect the validity of Christ's teachings, nor corrupt the beautiful fidelity of John, who, to the last, was the faithful and beloved disciple.—ED.

WORCESTER, July 8, 1852.

MR. EDITOR: Having had nearly fifteen years experience in Spiritual Manifestations and communications, I feel to assure you that I believe there is truth in the subject worthy the investigation of honest minds; but to believe every thing that is palmed upon the public as spiritual, is to me, the height of folly; and I think it is my duty, and the duty of all candid people, to expose deception wherever it may be found, that those really seeking for truth may not be disgusted and driven away from a subject, which, if properly represented, would retain not only its friends but its opposers. There are a great number who believe in spiritualism, who, I think, are a little too benevolent for their own good. They are anxious that all should believe just as they do, feeling assured that their particular circle is right, and, in their hurry to do good to some one, often show the wrong side of the picture. What they can not explain in one way they will be sure to in another—that they may help the cause of truth, I suppose—and many are greatly deceived by assenting to what they say without investigation. I have been led to investigate more thoroughly than I otherwise should have done, if I had not seen so much deception practised by people whom we had reason to believe were capable of better things. Perhaps you will think I am unjust, but I am in possession of facts, which I will give if called for, to justify my opinion; and as an illustration, let me here give you the details of one to show that I have some reason for addressing you on this subject.

Understanding that the Pleasure Boat Circle of this place was receiving extraordinary communications from different sources, in Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and other languages, and that a spiritual Clairvoyant translated them into plain English, I had a desire to ascertain the facts; but not being able to see any of these writings, to compare them with the languages mentioned—with a view to determine whether they were bona fide specimens—I hit upon the following method to find out the truth in regard to their pretended knowledge. And this I did because I had several things I desired to have explained, and I wanted to go to a reliable medium that I might not be deceived, as I felt I had been before.

With a pencil I made a number of irregular marks upon a slip of paper, and a friend—not a medium—made a number more, at the same time, altering all I had made to make it sure that they signified nothing. I enclosed the same in a letter addressed to Mr. — the medium, asking him to explain them if he found on examination that they had a meaning.

The following day, one of the circle told me that my communication was received, and that the characters were pronounced to be Hebrew. Very soon I received the following from the medium, which, he

says in his letter, he gave to me "unaltered and unamended." The translation was as follows:

"Ye must concentrate thy thoughts more firmly and strongly upon the subject of Spiritual Philosophy, that a great and important Truth may be revealed unto thee. It is a Truth that ye should know, as it will make thee stronger, more influential, and more truly reliable and uncontradictory by any outward or extrinsic circumstances, which are always operating upon the mind. If ye heed this message, ye shall be both happier and wiser, and also more fully an apostle of the cause of spiritual truth."

On the receipt of the above I wrote him (the medium,) that I would inform him of some facts, concerning spiritual clairvoyance, if he wished for truth, that I felt sure would be of service to him; but from the answers I received from him, I infer that he does not like to meet facts, or he chooses darkness instead of light, which I have good reason to fear is the case with many others.

Having no other motive than a desire for truth, that we may not be led astray, I subscribe myself,  
Fraternally yours, M. W. T.

PHILADELPHIA, June 26, 1852.

FRIEND BRITTAN: Presuming that it might be a matter of interest to some of the readers of the TELEGRAPH to be informed of what has been, and is now passing, in this vicinity, in reference to the curious and important topic of spiritual intercourse, I have thought proper to write to you upon the subject; and if acceptable, I may continue from time to time to address you.

About sixteen months since we were first visited by these mysterious agencies, during which time they have assumed many different phases and characteristics. And still more varied have been the positions assumed, and the plans of attack adopted, by the great and little wits who have assailed the subject and its friends. Yet amid all that has been done to detect the "trick" or to explain the causes by which these occult agencies operate, nothing has been done toward a solution of the mystery on the ground of supposed human agency. It is often declared to be but a "miserable delusion or a shallow deception, fit only to amuse old women and little children;" and yet, with all its "shallowness" and childish frivolity, it has alike baffled the skill of the philosopher in his profundity and the keen scrutiny of the skeptic in his unbelief. The problem to them, is still unsolved, and so it is likely to remain, until at least they are willing to come down from the lofty eminence of their self-sufficiency, and until they feel willing to acknowledge that there yet may be some things in this universe of God that have escaped the observation of their transcendent powers. Those who have finished their education have, of course, nothing to learn. But, those wiser men, who with a manly heroism and independence are inspired with a determination to oppose error and vindicate truth, may here find a field of inquiry, which cowardly shrunken souls dare not enter; and which promises the reward of a better hope and a diviner life—a life, whose future is ever growing brighter and purer, and opening its boundless treasury of these divinely precious truths to the hungry and thirsty soul.

The first move of the inquirers into this subject, in this city, was to hold weekly meetings with the view of developing the phenomena known as spiritual knockings. These meetings were commenced about the month of October, 1850, and were continued without success until the 10th day of February following, a period of about four months. Of the number engaged in these meetings (some fifteen or twenty,) only two had ever witnessed any of the manifestations; and even these two had been present only on some three or four occasions. But with the determination of conforming to all the conditions said to be necessary to induce communications from spirits, we continued the meetings. How much longer our determination would have kept us together, I know not, but the meetings continued to be attractive from their social character, as well as from the attendance of several somnambulists, one of whom afterward became a medium.

On the 10th of February, 1851, the raps were heard for the first time, in answer to the question, "Will the spirits communicate with us?" From that time forward they were continued. The first thing we did, was to agree with the invisible intelligences upon a method of communication. It was arranged that three raps should constitute an affirmative, and one rap a negative; and this continued to be the method of communication for some months. I will not stop to detail the results, but merely remark, that after some months, the sounds began to subside, and the manifestations assumed a new phase, that of spelling upon the card. In addition to this, other forms of manifestation occurred—such as writing, and spiritual-mental impressions. There were also many manifestations of a physical character, very astonishing in their nature, and which I may describe at a future time.

As soon as the facts became known that we were receiving communications from spirits, (or at least what purported to be from such,) other inquirers gathered together and formed circles; mediums soon began to multiply, until now they are very numerous. We have not to my knowledge, in this city, ever received any of those discordant communications or mani-

festations spoken of elsewhere. Nor do I know of any of those very astounding demonstrations of strength, such as have taken place in the eastern states, and also in New-York. But we have had abundant evidence to convince us, and the communications are characterized by most elevated sentiment and sublime philosophy.

The spirits have promised us much ere the close of the present year; and we feel a confidence in the wisdom and goodness of those messengers of love and mercy who so inspire our hearts with hopefulness for the redemption of man, and for the ushering in of that day of which poets have sung, wise men prophesied, and for which good men have perished.

The friends here have organized, and have rented a commodious hall, where they design holding regular meetings on Sunday, for the dissemination of truth upon the subject of the harmonial philosophy. There is much interest felt here, upon the subject, and there is no doubt but what the movement will result in good.

At a future time, I will, if it is deemed advisable, give you a description of some of the most remarkable facts that have taken place here, and also some of those beautiful communications we are continually receiving.  
Adieu for the present, L. REHN.

## A Reverend Scoffer at Spiritualism.

EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

I trow that it will be allowable to communicate something concerning the spirit-world, which, to many, is such an absorbing theme. We have, already, received so many ostensible manifestations from the spirit-land, that additional accounts do not tend, materially, to confirm our belief or remove our disbelief. I am a firm believer in the existence of spirits, but am not as well-grounded as I could wish, in the possibility of their communicating with dwellers in this earth-body. Although I have not received the necessary evidence to induce a full belief, yet I know of nothing that could add to my happiness so much as to know that blessed spirits, the friends of "the olden time," dear companions in young life's joyous morn, come again from the spirit-shore to cherish every good emotion and beautiful thought, to infuse into our hearts living music, and so far as they are capable, to make our very souls thrill with joy unutterable. But we do not despair, for we augur by the signs of the present hour, that there is "a good time coming," when the cloud-curtains shall be drawn aside and our fondest hopes shall be realized; when the now darkened chambers of thought shall be illuminated with the effulgence of the world celestial.

About four months ago, manifestations, purporting to be spiritual, commenced here. And they were the more convincing, from the fact, that the mediums first developed were children from five to twelve years of age. Who made these accomplished jugglers and "wide-awake clairvoyants"? These have been mostly writing mediums. There have been some remarkable manifestations in the way of moving articles of furniture, &c. These I have not witnessed myself, having but lately returned from New-York, but I have the accounts on the most reliable authority and from persons who, at least, are not avowed believers in the spiritual agency.

On one occasion, a medium was taken in his chair and while his feet were resting on its rounds carried around the room. Tables have been raised, by some invisible power, several feet from the floor, and that, while circumstances favored the easy observance of any human force that could have been applied, candles being placed upon and under them. At another time, a little boy, a medium, while playing with the child of a disbelieving gentleman, requested the spirits to move a quantity of brooms standing in the room, when forthwith the brooms were brought forth and caused to dance about the room. The gentleman replaced his brooms, sent the boy home and yet disbelieved.

Before closing, permit me to call your attention to the following extract which I doubt not is a representative of the prejudices of many persons; and a few remarks from your pen, showing its misrepresentation, would tend, I think, to give freedom to many who refuse to seek light owing to the influence of such aspersions. I extract from a letter handed me by a lady who believes herself a medium, written by a minister of New-York city to her brother.

"If you have any care at all for the reputation of our family, let me implore you to give up encouraging this folly [manifestations.] Now, let me tell you one year will not pass if M. [the medium] keeps on with this stuff till her reputation will be forever ruined. Almost without an exception, those who dabble in such trash are infidel, lecherous fellows. If you live a few years it will make you blush as much to read what you have written about receiving communications from the spirits as to be accused of sheep-stealing. Will you never pause in witch-hunting and give yourself to reason? There is, to my mind, nothing more disgusting and utterly loathsome than this new form of infidelity."

I confess that if the spiritual manifestations are as above represented, and if it keeps only

such company, every honest heart should perfectly despise them; but I trust that hearts there are, pure as the sunlight, in obedience to their internal nature, entertaining an undying interest in every indication of the spirit-world which is not far off.

Yours, &c., ANDREW J. GRAHAM.  
GILEAD, Branch Co., Mich., July 22, 1852.

We have only to say that we hope for the safety and for "the reputation" of M. — the medium referred to—that she will not meet with any worse spirits than the one which dictated the quotation which friend Graham has embodied in his letter. It is a curious fact that a number of clergymen are media for communications of this class.

BUTLER, PA., July 13, 1852.

MR. BRITTAN—Dear Sir: I observe on looking over the back numbers of your paper a request that, "persons who have been convinced of the soul's immortality, by the modern spiritual manifestations should send you their names with a brief history of their experience." I will give you first a short account of my past life, and then the change of opinion, or rather the hope I have of such a change.

I was raised a rigid sectarian, but having a peculiar organization, I claimed the right long, long before arriving at my majority, to do my own thinking, on religious matters particularly. I soon saw, or thought I saw, that the popular creeds dishonored God and degraded man. I saw that the great moral precepts of Jesus were trampled under foot in the party strifes of religious sects; I saw professed christians everywhere, doing acts which I, a professed sinner, would have scorned to have done. I at last became satisfied, as I still am, that I had not known half a dozen men during my life, who, judged by their acts, believed in the truth of the Bible. I soon found that every crime on earth could be justified by the "Bible." I contended at first for the moral precepts of the New Testament, apart from the wicked teachings of the old, but it was no go, the immoral part was considered the most valuable. "You must take it all or none," was the popular cry. So I discarded the Bible, and with it my belief in even the existence of a God. For I reasoned thus: "if there is a God, the Author of all things, such might and wisdom must be inseparable from goodness. And infinite goodness would not leave its creatures to wander through all coming time, in the labyrinths of error. For I felt sure that the whole world, so far as I could learn, was in error. So I said to myself, if there is a God, he is wise and just, and knows that his creatures are wandering in error, if he does not manifest himself to me, I can not believe; and he knows it, if he wishes that I, and such as I am, should believe, he will manifest himself again, if he ever did before—for infinite Wisdom changes not, and he is said to have communed willingly with creatures heretofore—he has the same will now, if he exist at all.

Not seeing any manifestations in the time—as I thought, of man's greatest need, I concluded there was no God. That man was mortal, and died to live no more; the belief was gloomy to be sure, but I loved truth, and thought this must be true. I have not witnessed those manifestations personally, but the thousands who have seen, and do believe, have raised a hope that God exists, and that man is immortal; I feel anxious about this matter, and why should I not? I, who by the light of Revelation could see nothing beyond this short, unhappy life, but thick darkness and eternal oblivion.

May I not hope that mediums who are well developed, will travel and enlighten the dark places.

Yours for the truth,  
WM. DAVIDSON.

## To Readers and Correspondents.

W. T. COGGESWELL, writes from Wadsworth, Medina Co., Ohio, that "The Rappings recently broke out here, in a family which least expected them, and some great demonstrations have been witnessed. Many hard heads have been made to think that there is something in these Rappings."

Friend G. will please send us, as soon as convenient, that article embracing personal experience.

REV. S. C. HEWITT. We forward the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH from this date, to Cambridgeport.

LOST—A bundle containing some forty copies of the SHEKINAH, No. 4—including the packages for Ward Cheney, Esq. and W. L. Weaver—addressed to A. Rose, Central Row, Hartford, Conn., was sent from this office two weeks since, and from some cause, yet unexplained, has failed of reaching its destination. If not found in a few days we will forward duplicate copies to the subscribers.

## OBITUARY.

Departed the Earth-life on Sunday, August 1st, LEAH AUGUSTA, daughter of Walter H. and Elizabeth C. Hood, and grand-daughter of Mrs. Ann I. Brown, (Mrs. Fish,) aged 10 months and 14 days.

The funeral was attended on the 2d inst., by Rev. T. C. Benning, whose appropriate reflections on the occasion—concerning the condition of the departed, and the presence and influence of spirits—were accompanied by loud and frequent responses.



## SPIRIT-LAND.

"The Spirit giveth life."

### THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

I saw an angel in my dreams—  
An angel on its golden wings,  
Shedding around more gorgeous beams  
Than gild the heart's imaginings.

What raptures filled my spirit then,  
Gazing upon the glorious sight,  
And inly wishing ne'er again  
Might vanish that sweet form of light.

Tongue may not tell, for well I knew  
It was some messenger of good,  
As nearer, nearer still it drew—  
Waved its bright wings and by me stood.

No word escaped it, but it smiled,  
And oh, so heavenly was the smile,  
I wished I were an angel child,  
And felt an angel's love the while.

But this I knew could not be now,  
Yet thought if such an one might be  
My guardian, I might calmly bow  
To trials here—above be free.

And then I raised a prayer to heaven,  
That such a guardian mine might be,  
To watch o'er me while life is given,  
And keep from snares my spirit free.

Then came, where'er I chanced to be,  
The angel of the golden wing,  
From evil e'er restraining me,  
To good my heart encouraging.

And now while waking e'en I feel  
That angel one is hovering near,  
To guard me for my spirit's weal,  
Both here and in yon holier sphere.

### SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION.

FROM "THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT."

At a circle convened at the residence of D. Gano, Cincinnati, Ohio, July 11—Present, Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, Mr. Lovell and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Clawson, Mr. Urner and his Polish friend, Mr. Meader, and D. Gano and wife; the following communication was made, purporting to emanate from the immortal JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

"I came here to speak of the general evils of the day. Our first duty is to know ourselves; the next, to examine and see how far we fall short of what we should be. We can not take one correct step in the path of progression until we know what we are, and having ascertained that, and sought and found the path in which we ought to travel, the next thing is to pursue that path steadily and unflinchingly, turning neither to the right nor to the left. Go forth boldly, clad in the armor of Truth, making warfare on all that is evil, all that is wrong, all that tends to debase and degrade mankind. Cultivate the spiritual perceptions, seek counsel of the inward teacher, and as you learn the truth, speak it fearlessly. In the language of Gallagher, 'He that has the truth and keeps it, keeps what not to him belongs;' and to you, whose spiritual perceptions have been opened, I would say, prepare to meet the world with what you are learning. It will soon be an open question; it will soon come to the light of day, and much of its success depends upon the strength and bearing of its advocates. The world begins to feel its influence, and the world is beginning to ask, 'Why are these mysteries confined to nooks and hidden places? Why do those who have investigated and been convinced of their truthfulness, not bring them forth, and hold them up in the light of day, that all may examine, and that all may feel their force, if force there be in them?' They say to themselves, and wisely too, that truth, genuine truth, has no affinity for darkness; and if these things be true, the world—the masses—should be made partakers of this truth.

Taking this view of the subject, and it is the only rational one, you will feel the force of what I say, when I tell you that you must come out before the world. Not only the reputation of the cause which you advocate, and of the truths which you wish to disseminate, but your own reputation, as honest, unequivocal men and women, depends upon your candor, your frankness, your uprightness and your independence of character with regard to the subject of which I am speaking. There never was an undertaking in which moral courage was more needed than in this. There is much more depending on spiritualists and spiritual mediums than is generally apprehended. Talk of the responsibility of politicians, of the powers of Congress, of the influence of this man in the Senate, or of that man in the lower House, or of the other as President—the whole mass of them together are not so responsible for the nations' welfare as are the spiritual mediums and the professed friends of the spiritual cause. It is through them that the world is to become enlightened, and when enlightened it will become elevated, for the one as necessarily follows the other as effect follows cause.

The day is now dawning when men will stand up in the halls of Congress, spiritually magnetized, and proclaim the truth and the whole truth, and each and every one within the sound of their voices will feel the correctness of every statement, the force of every remark, and they will not stop to ask, 'What is the color of the

spirit's hair and eyes, that influences you," but they will say "verily, verily, a prophet stands before us." Then there will be no cries of "order," then there will be no talk of "expediency." Then will the hand of the oppressor be paralyzed, and the manacles fall from the limbs of the bleeding slave. Then it will be found that on the power of Truth and Justice, alone, depends the perpetuity of the Union, and not on the unpaid toll, the blood, the sweat, the tears and groans of three millions of America's own sons and daughters. Then it will be felt that Right should rule instead of Might. Then will Justice begin to wield her scepter, and Truth sit unmolested on her throne. Then to know the right will be to do it. Then will the page of history cease to bear record of blood, of murder, of rapine and ruin. Then all revolutions will be revolutions of mind, revolutions of spirit, revolutions of peace, of love and of harmony.

The picture, that I have thus drawn, is not the dream of an enthusiast, nor the sketch of a disturbed fancy; but it is a sober reality, that must surely follow in the footsteps of the present developments, if their advocates, and those convinced of their truthfulness, present them to the world in a proper manner, always manifesting a willingness to share their light with those in darkness, and to be led themselves by the pure, unerring guide that ever attends the true seekers after and disseminators of truth. The spiritualists of this day are standing on the stepping-stone of the world's reformation—yea, of the world's redemption; and let me exhort them to patience, to perseverance, and to untiring industry, united with sound reason and gentle forbearance, for on these depend their success, and the success of the cause in which they are engaged. All the angels in heaven can not move it forward without their assistance. It seems to me that could they feel—I speak now more particularly of the mediums—that if they could feel themselves the lever, on which so much depends, they would certainly lose the reluctance, so much manifested by many of them, and go forth with a whole heart, to live and die in this great work of love and mercy.

### Death is Beautiful.

SANDY CREEK, July 26, 1852.

MR. EDITOR: On Sunday, the 18th inst., I was engaged in reading, when, suddenly, I felt an influence on my hand, and was impressed to go to my desk to write. The result was the following,

#### ON DEATH.

Fear not, O man, for thou shalt live through endless ages! Why do men fear to die? We answer, because they know not how beautiful the change. It is not death to the spiritual part of man; only the physical decays. The spirit, bursts its chains, and soars far, far away to explore the unbounded depths of eternity.

Oh! man, when the veil, which now hides the glories of the Spirit-Land, is removed—when superstition and fear are buried in the bosom of dark ages; when the golden era is consummated, which we are endeavoring to usher in, then wilt thou taste the joys of heaven, while in the rudimental sphere.

We say to those who must soon leave the first sphere of existence—who expect, ere long, to change from unhappiness to immortal bliss—*fear not*; for what you term death, is but the opening of the immortal spirit to the full perception and consciousness of its eternal possessions.

How long shall men labor to bind the chains of superstition, on those who would be free? There is a certain class of persons who, knowing the effect of fear on the mind, bring every thing to bear that is calculated to excite more sensitive natures, teaching especially that there is a place of endless torment.

But we say, fear not. If you would serve your Maker aright, study His works, and learn therefrom that progression is a universal law. Oh, ye who seek to be free, seek for Truth—for Wisdom from those who dwell in the Spirit-Land!

Death is beautiful—is a desirable and lovely change, when viewed as a natural way whereby all are freed from the "mortal coil." Do you soon expect to enter the Spirit-Land? If so, be calmly resigned to your lot; for by the unalterable and glorious law of affinity, you will enter that sphere for which you have prepared yourself, and the transition will be attended with pleasure to yourself and to your spiritual companions! Fear not, then, for death hath no power over the immortal spirit, which will live to roam through realms of everlasting happiness!

There will come a day, when all will study the works of Nature; and all will interpret God's commands, as the natural language of His creation now holds them forth, in beauty, and sublimity, inculcating the Wisdom of the Divine Mind. Art thou cast down? Lift thy voice in anthems of praise to the Heavenly Father. Cast thine eyes far around, beneath and above, and behold the loveliness of all He has created. Are not beauty and harmony vis-

ible in all things terrestrial? If so, what must be the Wisdom and Perfection of the upper courts, where dwell the spirits of all who have been changed?

Can you longer fear the change, when you behold such beauty, such harmony, and so much love manifested by the Author of all.

Be ye prepared for the gentle—for the glorious message—Enter thou into the mansions of the Father's house, where Love, Wisdom and Harmony are the crowning principles of life and of thy eternal home!

THY SPIRIT-FRIEND.

C. D. ELMER, Writing Medium.

### A Psalm of Exaltation.

Our readers will of course be interested to know something of the communications received at Mountain Cove, and we accordingly invite their attention to the following specimen:

Thou, GOD, art most majestic in Majesty of Good!—Glorious in Beauty, yea most glorious in manifested goodness!—Glorious in majesty of proceeding; in majesty of impersonation; in majesty of infinity of Being, triune in oneness everlasting!

Glorious art THOU, MOST HIGH! above the throne thy habitation!—glorious above the clouds of angels which are glories in the vail of thy pavilion!—glorious above the myriads of suns of universes embordering the ocean of immensity!—glorious above the host of suns of planetariums, pouring incense, as dew, upon the expanse of moving spiracles!—glorious above the mansions of paradises terrestrial, unfolding as blossoms, in radiance of amethyst and emerald, beside the river of ethereal waters!—yea glorious, in Glory uncreated, above the constellations of celestial aromas,—gems of glory in the rainbow that endia-demes Thy throne!

Magnify, oh magnify HIS NAME, ye spirits of arch-seraphim, upon the instrument of seven whose bands are constellated galaxies. Magnify, oh magnify HIS NAME, all ye arch-cherubim, arising in glory of adoration through ages of perfections.—Magnify, oh magnify HIS NAME, ye most ancient heavens! Yea, magnify HIS NAME!

### Facts in Spiritualism.

We extract the following from a late number of the St. Louis Weekly Times. The account is from a correspondent, except the introductory remarks, which are by the Editor of that paper, and clearly enough indicate his position.

Our ideas about this matter—or, more properly speaking, our *want* of ideas—are, we believe, pretty well understood by those who have read the Times. We neither believe nor disbelieve any thing on the subject. We are the advocate of no creed, the proselyte of no theory, the champion of no doctrine. The "Odic" doctrine, if we comprehend it, is just about as clear to us as the "magnetic" doctrine, and both are just about as clear as the emanations from a cuttle fish, and not half so semi-transparent as the "spiritual" theory. Indeed, if we ever manage to penetrate this Gordian knot of mystery at all—and we don't believe we ever shall—we expect to cut it with the sword of the spirit. That is the easiest way, any how. You thus get rid of a thousand troublesome questions as to the faith that is in you. The fact is, people's wills are not *always* the sorcerers to accomplish their wishes. The raps will oftentimes say no, despite all your wishings, and willings, and expectings that they will say yes. And if that isn't fatal to the mesmerist faith we would like to know what could be. We don't believe, then, that spiritualism is mesmerism, just at this writing, any how, whatever else we do believe or don't believe on the subject, or may believe hereafter.

By-the-by, we give below a pretty cool detail of some rather inconceivable "facts in spiritualism," witnessed in this city the other night. Our columns are open to appropriate articles on both sides, but they must be brief and courteous.

St. Louis, July 4, 1852.

I have recently, my dear —, witnessed some very remarkable phenomena in what is called Spiritualism. A believer in the new doctrine would, I suppose, term these phenomena "Spiritual Manifestations." But I, as you are aware, am no disciple of this faith—no proselyte to this creed. Despite all the incomprehensible phenomena I have beheld, I am still a skeptic. I believe not—neither do I disbelieve. For aught I know, spirits may be the cause of these strange manifestations. I can detect no natural cause for them; I can even imagine none. Still, I have no internal evidence, no realizing conviction of a *pre-ter*-natural or spiritual cause. I only know and believe that I have witnessed certain remarkable phenomena, which I can attribute to no influence, natural or human, with which I have at present, or ever had, any acquaintance. But to the facts.

On the evening of Thursday last, the 1st inst., Mr. McD., a gentleman of this city who is a disciple of spiritualism, was in company with Mrs. Fox and her two daughters, the celebrated "Rochester Rappers," who have now been at the Planters' House several weeks, when the conversation turned upon certain extraordinary spiritual manifestations which had been witnessed at other places by the rappers, but had never been beheld in St. Louis. Mr. McD. very naturally expressed an earnest desire to witness them. "The spirits" were consulted and asked if they would gratify his wish. The reply was that they would, on the ensuing night, commencing at nine o'clock, in the same apartment, in the presence of six persons whom they proceeded to select from out of a large number named. A note from Mr. McD. on the following day apprised me, greatly to my amazement, that I was "one of the six persons selected to witness some remarkable demonstrations which the spirits had promised." Why the honor of such selection should have fallen on me I can not imagine, unless it was thought that an earnest and honest zeal for investigation more than counter-balanced a skepticism most profound. Subsequently, also, I discovered that I was the only individual of the chosen six, who was not a full and undoubting believer in the faith; and it occurred to me, in the course of the night, when some phenomena rather startling to weak nerves were presented, that "the spirits" had thought my unwavering disbelief would have the same effect on nerves which might perchance, otherwise waver, as the unwavering belief of all my colleagues. But whether they did or not,

can only say, that, had they thus reasoned, they would have reasoned rightly, as the fact proved.

Between the hours of eight and nine I was at the appointed place. I found there Mrs. Fox and her two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. B., Dr. and Mrs. B., with a negro servant nursing their infant; also, Mr. McD. and two other gentlemen of this city. I, moreover, observed lying on a large rectangular dining-table in the center of the apartment, a guitar and four hand-bells—one bell very large, weighing, probably, four or five pounds, a second somewhat smaller, and two others smaller still.

As the clock struck nine, all in the room (except the servant and child) seated themselves at the table. A peculiar series of rattled raps, five in number, at once was heard, which Mrs. Fox said, was a call of the spirits for the alphabet; and she immediately began running over the letters in order, stopping at each letter indicated by raps. From the letters thus designated was made out—"There are too many here. Two persons must go." This "alphabet business," by the way, is accomplished by no means so tardily as one would suppose. Indeed, half that is communicated can be foreseen, and long words are often caught at, and then confirmed by "the spirits," before half enunciated. The name of each person in the room was next called, and "the spirits" designated the two gentlemen who had not been invited by them the previous night, as those who should retire. It was in vain we all interceded in their behalf and united our petitions with theirs. No! The spirits were peremptory—utterly unyielding! Go they must; and go they did, and the door was locked, and the shutters were closed—the night being, fortunately, very cool. Again taking our seats, the alphabet was called for, and we were ordered to arrange ourselves around the table thus: The two gentlemen and wives, side by side; the two Misses Fox, side by side; and Mrs. Fox, Mr. McD. and myself, side by side. The spirits then insisted that Judy (the colored woman) should lay the baby on the sofa, and sit beside her master and mistress. The baby had been wide awake previously, but it now seemed to drop asleep; at all events it remained quiet the whole evening. Thus, it will be seen, that there were ten persons seated around this large table—three on each side—two at each end; four men—six women. The spirits then ordered us (by means of the alphabet, as was always the case) to take a drawer from a bureau in the room, and place it bottom up under the center of the table, and upon it to place the guitar and bells. We were then ordered to sit close; to lean on our arms on the table—to draw back our feet from under the table; and finally to put the candle, which was in a common flat-bottomed brass candlestick, on the table. This last order was, it would seem, for my own special benefit. I had begun keeping a record of all that transpired, although the light was dim, owing to its distance; so the spirits kindly ordered it nearer, and desired me to be very particular! They also desired that a watch should be laid on the table, to mark time and its lapse.

All these preliminaries having been arranged in course of half an hour, every thing was pronounced to be right, and we were told to talk and sing. We, of course, obeyed. While thus engaged, a series of tremendous raps were heard upon the drawer under the table, the bells began to ring confusedly, and, at length, one of them seemed to tumble off upon the floor—the drawer being nearly a foot high. Our curiosity (my own, at any rate,) had now become quite ungovernable to see as well as to hear what was going on under the table. True, I could perceive, by keen, close, and sleepless vigilance, that every one present had his or her head thrown forward, and the feet apparently thrust back (as we had been ordered) in a manner seemingly to preclude any assistance to the spirits under the table. Still I wanted to look—and the question was asked, "May we look?" The immediate reply was, "Seek not to look until you are bid." We were also ordered to talk; and talk we did; and immediately began another series of demonstrations. Let me copy a programme of this strange performance from my notes taken on the spot:

"The bells ring—the raps go on at the same time—the largest bell rings—tremendous thumps—all the bells ring—the little bell rings—the bells are moved around—there is the sound of a saw—a plane—the big bell rings accompanied by raps and thumps—the small bell rings—the big bell rings—all the bells seem to ring together—the strings of the guitar are thrummed."

The spirits now called for a song, and "The Bard's Legacy," in a low tone, was given by Mr. McD., while time was regularly beaten on the drawer, and a confused accompaniment on the bells and guitar was also heard. This continued some minutes. At length a singular rolling, rumbling sound on the strings of the guitar was heard, which lasted for a couple of minutes by the watch, and was followed by equally singular thumpings, rappings and scratchings, all mingled confusedly together! All at once this ceased; the alphabet was called for and notice how long the bell would ring. We obeyed, and the big bell began ringing exactly as if raised by the handle, by a human hand, the tongue swinging slowly from side to side as if by a gentle movement. Indeed, in no other way can we imagine this ringing to be produced, if the result of natural causes. One human hand would, evidently, be more efficient, than a dozen human feet, even if we can conceive the feet to operate thus at all, although entirely free to act. At least, so it strikes me. This ringing lasted one minute by the watch; and, at its close, the remark was made, that the feat must have been rather a difficult one to be performed by any body's feet under the table, even if the feet had free play; and the feet of all of us were either behind our chairs, or were perched up on the rounds in front!

Meantime, all this ringing of bells and thrummings of the guitar, as well as the tremendous thumpings and rappings on the drawer and table, had, of course, been heard out in the passage of the hotel, and quite a number of persons had gathered around the door and begun rapping in their turn to gain admittance. We paid no attention, however, to the interruption, until the spirits said, "Margaretta, stand at the door." The elder Miss Fox obeyed, and several heavy raps at once fell on the devoted door! "Tell them to go!" was the peremptory order which, after an interval, next came. The order was obeyed, and the crowd left. Quiet being restored and all being seated, the strange noises were resumed, when suddenly came the order, "Look!" And down we all fell on our knees under the table, candle in hand, to look as we were bid. The drawer retained its original location; also the guitar, upon the drawer. The bells, likewise, (one of which we had heard fall off) all stood upon it, though not

in their original places; and the little bell was perched upon the top of the handle of the big one! Rather a difficult trick of legerdemain, this, to perform with one's feet, it would seem, especially as it is by no means the easiest thing in the world to make that little bell stay perched on the handle of the large one. I tried it subsequently, and had some difficulty in making it balance.

Well, after a good 'look,' and some natural amazement, we were ordered up again to the table. Various questions were asked, but the spirits promptly said—as they had done before, indeed—"Let good friend Peter ask questions." Peter is the christian name of one of the gentlemen present. This we took as a hint not 'to be talking,' and we acted accordingly. Quiet being restored, the performances again commenced. I copy the order thereof from my notes:

"All the bells ring—a heavy crash on the drawer—the handle of the big bell (as it sounded) thumps up against the bottom of the table—again—again—again, heavier each time—the candlestick is flung violently up two or three inches—again, more violently, and the light goes out!"

Something of a scene now ensued, as may be supposed. The room was dark as Egypt—the most unearthly ringings, crashings, thumpings, scratchings, thrummings of guitar strings, &c., was going on under the table, while old Mrs. Fox, good lady! was earnestly beseeching the spirits to be quiet, and Judy (the negress) was "sure the devil himself had come at last"—albeit, to her credit be it said, she bore the whole performance marvelously well! This uproar lasted a minute, perhaps, when the alphabet was called and the order given—"Get a light!" As may be inferred, this order we were not slow in obeying, after which we all resumed our former places. A third series of rappings and ringings then commenced, succeeded by a slow, regular ringing of the big bell, which lasted, at intervals, for three minutes by the watch, each time the bell being apparently set down on the drawer, so far as the sound would indicate, and then raised again. A song was next called for, and "Hail Columbia," in a low tone, was sung, the guitar accompanying the song in exact time. This was succeeded, after a brief interval, by a strange, slow, prolonged thrumming sound of the base string of the guitar, accompanied by a still more strange scratching sound upon the smaller strings, causing a jarring of the table which could be sensibly perceived. This lasted six and one-fourth minutes by the watch; and the prolonged continuance of these monotonous and mournful sounds absolutely made us nervous. "Peter" asked for them to cease, but they continued. "It sounds like a dirge," was remarked. "Yes, like the dead march of a funeral procession." "Have these sounds any reference to the death of Henry Clay?" asked our spokesman Peter. The sounds ceased, and three affirmative raps were promptly heard. "Is the spirit of Mr. Clay present?" Three raps.

The questions were here interrupted by another series of rappings, thumpings, scratchings, janglings, draggings, &c. Quiet being restored, Peter asked: "If the spirit of Mr. Clay is present, will the small bell ring?" Instantly the small bell *did* begin ringing, and it continued ringing for exactly two minutes by the watch! Just here the baby on the sofa began moaning, and its mother wished to go to it, but was ordered by "the spirits" to remain as she was, as they would take care of it! And they seem to have kept their word, for the little thing at once ceased its whimpering, and slept through all the residue of the exhibition! The noises having been resumed, and having lasted a few minutes, the order again suddenly came—"Look!" And, straightway, even as before, down we all went, man and woman, under the table with the candle to "look." And, lo! this time the small bells were both perched up on the tops of the handles of the large bells, and were leaning their own handles very cunningly and very touchingly against each other! Resuming our seats, another series of strange noises began and continued for several minutes, when the order again came—"look!" We looked, and all four of the bells were under the drawer, except the handles of the little bells, which rested under the edge of one side. As for the guitar, which had previously laid lengthwise on the drawer, it now lay crosswise. It may be remarked, that to get the big bell under the drawer, it was indispensable to raise up the side at least six or eight inches, which would have caused an inclination of the drawer sufficient to cause the guitar to slip off the bottom if not held on by the hand, as well as the other bells, especially the little ones perched up on the top of the handles of the larger. Now, how could anybody, or any set of bodies, have done this thing with their feet, even supposing their elbows were not resting on the table, and supposing the aforesaid feet were not perched up on the rounds of the chairs—especially, when, at least one pair of eyes, wide awake, and keen enough, in all conscience, with suspicion, were constantly watching every glance, and expression, and motion? Will you, or some of your good friends inform us how this could be done? For myself, I must confess I can not begin to do it.

After this third "look," we resumed our seats, when we at once received this communication by alphabet: "We are done for five minutes." It was then after eleven o'clock. We now threw open the window shutters to breathe a little fresh air. The night was beautiful—the moon at its full. Standing at a window alone with "friend Peter," I remarked, "And so you really believe the spirit of Henry Clay is here to-night?" "You have seen and heard all," was the reply. "Well, if you are right, then we had better ask some questions of a decided, definitive character?" "Yes, can you not frame some?" "I will try—but will the spirit answer?" Instantly there came three raps close beside us, so sudden as to make us start.

The five minutes recess from the table had now extended to more than twice that period, and when we got back to our places "the spirits" seemed seriously offended at our negligence, for they at once said, "Good night, we are done!" "Will the spirits meet us again?" was asked. "Yes." "When?" "We will appoint the time." "May we examine the bells, &c.?" "Yes." And so we did; and all the bells were under the drawer, and there were marks of thumps on the drawer, and deep indentations in the under-side of the cherry-wood table, into which indentations the end of the handle of the big bell fitted to a T. The handle, also, was broken—and no wonder!

Now, what do you think of all this, my dear —? Queried, is it not? For myself, I know not what to think; but I must bring to an end this interminable epistle.

Ever yours,



**GOD OMNIPOTENT.**

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